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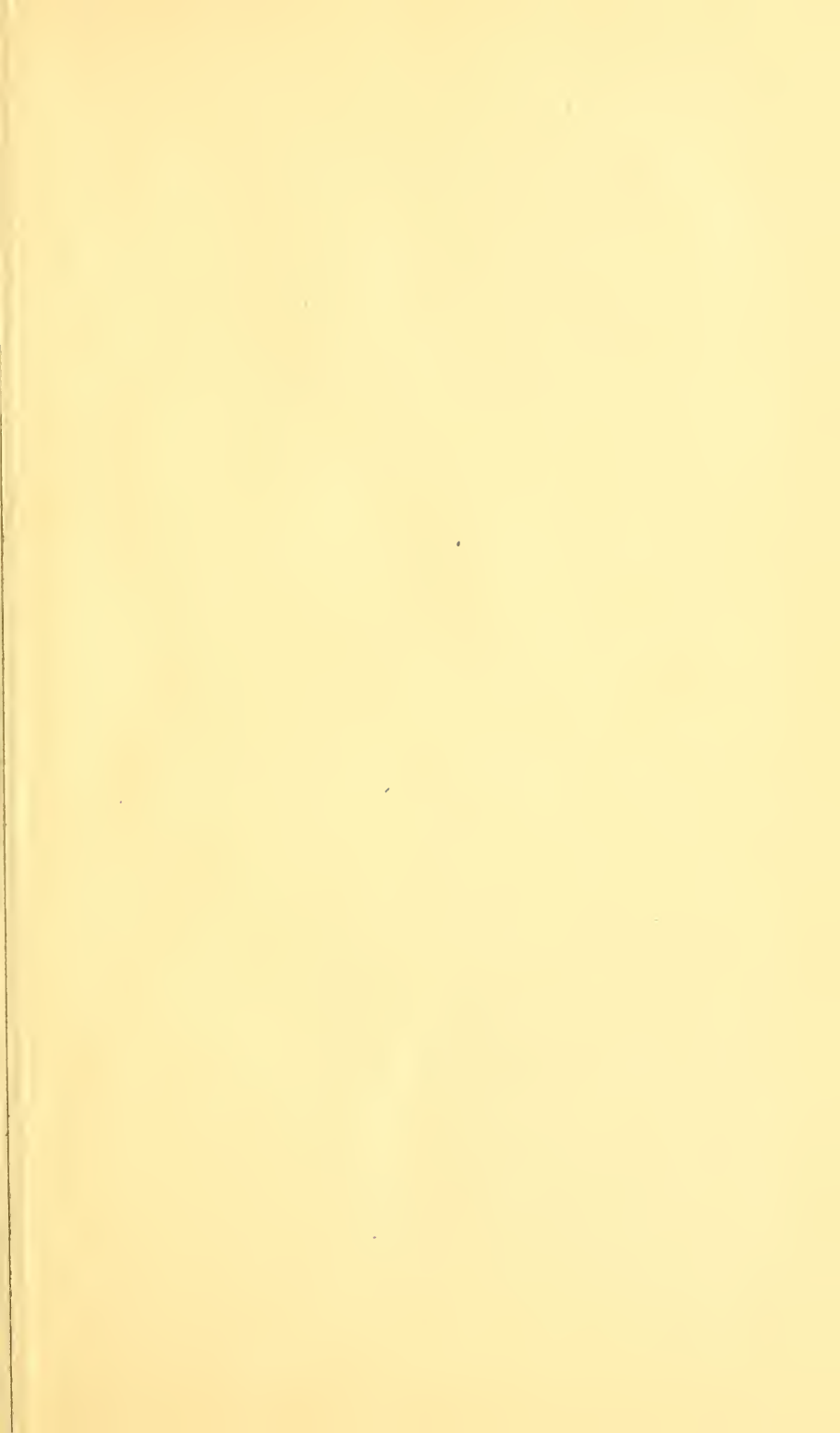


Class E381

Book J69









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# **POLITICAL REFLECTIONS,**

DELIVERED ON

SPRINGFIELD-HILL, MASSACHUSETTS,

MARCH 4th, 1829,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE INAUGURATION OF

## **GEN. ANDREW JACKSON**

AS

### **President of the United States.**

25.10  
5361

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By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

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SPRINGFIELD.

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## POLITICAL REFLECTIONS.

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### AMERICANS :

The limits to which I am restricted, will only permit an outline. To fill that outline, will be left to my AUDIENCE.

When, gentlemen, the FEW acquired the right of dictating the law to the MANY—I will not pretend to determine. (I have not had access to their “*archives*.”) How their right commenced,—is easily conjectured. The boast of *Archimides* will furnish us a clue to the explanation of the *mystery*, “Give me,” said the *Sicilian* geometer, “a place to plant my *machinery*, and I will heave the world from its orbit.”

The FEW, gentlemen, had discovered a superior “*machinery*,” long before *Archimides* astonished the world with the results of his mechanical abilities.

To the genius of the FEW, we owe the invention of “*Tartarus* and *Elysium*.”

With the *terrors* of the first—they fettered their victims; and with the *joys* of the last—consoled them for the loss of liberty *here*, with the promise of it, *hereafter*.

Do you ask—what gave rise to the *vast* conception? The answer is easy;—a desire to enjoy the *benefits* of society, without its *burthens*.

Such is the origin of the long continued struggle between the FEW and the MANY. From the focus of this grand conspiracy, Liberty fled, afrighted, first to Egypt—then to the Isles of the *Archipelago*—then to the banks of the *Eurotas*—next to the *Tiber*—then into the forests of the *North*. Her flight was necessary. Her purity could not abide the withering and contaminating touch of corruption. The world felt the lash of retributive justice. All behind her—*fetters—manacles—chains*.

The dark genius of arbitrary power stood erect; “Black as night—fierce as ten *Furies*, terrible as *Hell*!”

It was the spirit of despotism—PERSONIFIED!—Tyranny brandished her petrifying lance over the universal wreck of MIND! The immortal Bard who sung the ambition of *Lucifer*, and the first human pair disrobed of *Paradise*, when, on the wings of his all-pervading imagination, he swept the dark abyss of the nether world—never conceived a sight, so sublimely TERRIFIC!

The FEW counted on perpetual ascendancy; but, (thank God,) they calculated “*without their host*.” “The art of Printing” was at length discovered. If the invention of “*Tartarus*” and “*Elysium*” was the political *lever* of the FEW, “the art of Printing” was the political *lever* of the MANY. This art, gentlemen, will one day *unhorse* Tyranny, and *shiver* the sceptre of Despotism.

No sooner was it discovered, than the human mind, rising and heaving under the incumbent weight of ten ages of *misrule*, began to recover something of its ancient *elasticity*. The volumes of antiquity were again unrolled. *Demosthenes* once more thundered from

Athens—and *Tully's* voice was again heard, from “the eternal city.”

The world caught their inspiration, and the great men of the fifteenth century began to inspect that stupendous edifice of *ecclesiastical* fraud—the Church of Rome.

Europe, however, was yet too corrupt for liberty. (The FEW had done their work too well.) A new world was wanting; and “the Sage of Cordova” had more than obscurely hinted its existence, and future discovery.

“Tho’ *late*—the age shall come—  
In which old Ocean shall throw down  
His wat’ry barriers—and to birth shall give  
*Another*—and, a mightier Earth.”

What a philosopher predicted, a seaman verified;—and genius “gave a new world to the Kingdoms of *Aragon and Castille*.”

Liberty now ventured to come out of her German forests, and attended by her Anglo-Saxon worshippers, “crossed the wide and boisterous Atlantic,” to erect on these shores—a vast edifice of civil, religious and political freedom.

In laying the deep foundations of the Republic, our generous and noble ancestors proceeded with *inimitable* skill. (They built for posterity;) their *basis*, religion, virtue, and popular intelligence; a *triple* foundation, gentlemen;—(“*other foundation, can no man lay*.”)

I am not ignorant, that other Commonwealths have perished: (they were erected “*upon the sand*.”)

But, I trust—(under the wing of the ALMIGHTY,) that, hereafter, as heretofore,—“When the rains shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow—and beat *vehemently*” upon the Edifice of our Liberties.

it will be found, in very deed,—“to have been built upon—a ROCK.”

It is not my intention, in this place, to glance at the history of the British Colonies in America. I have not time. Besides ; before such an audience as this, it were *superfluous*.

It is enough to remark, (in the language of the eloquent *Burke*,) that the man to whom we are indebted for our liberties—“*scented the approaches of tyranny, in every tainted breeze.*”

*em* The infant Hercules was educated, with more than *maternal care*. A noble race rocked his cradle. England surveyed his limbs—with *indescribable* emotions ; while the asserters of liberty, in Europe, thought they saw in him—the future “*cleanser of their own Augean stable.*”

A nation is not always mistress of its *destinies*. Circumstances—(excuse me, gentlemen ;) I mean—“*The Being who rides in the Whirlwind*” not unfrequently confounds all the calculations of human wisdom. With England the conquest of the Canadas was—a political *suicide*. It *cut* the only bond which held the Colonies to their loyalty—the *dread* of the French power, in the *North*. For ten years, England contemplated our genius—manners—character—spirit ; in one word our *political concoction* ; advanced—then receded—again advanced—resolved upon the *end*, but incessantly varying the *means*. At length, on the brink of a tempestuous gulph,

———Dark, wasteful, wild,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds

And surging waves, like mountains to assault

Heaven's height—and with the CENTRE mix'd

The POLE,———

She propounded the natural interrogatory of the FEW ; WAR, or unconditional SUBMISSION ? The MANY answered, with infinite spirit ; “ We take WAR.”



Gentlemen ; it is not my intention to enter into the details of a conflict, in which the statesman vied with the soldier, and the pen with the sword, in the assertion of the Rights of Man ; yes, Gentlemen ; “ *The Rights of Man* ;” for however odious the intrigues of the FEW, may once have rendered this expression, I trust the re-assertion of it by the MANY, will bring it, again into *vogue*.

What I let fall, was only a passing tribute to the memory of the men who have mostly “ *filed off*,” to join the Father of his country—in a better world.—Few of them mingle in the congratulations of the day. (I see but *few* of them in this audience.)\* When the MANY forget the debt of gratitude we owe them,—the FEW, gentlemen, will have TRIUMPHED.

There are junctures in the affairs of States, when obstinacy must *reason*, and despotism *unclench*.

England assented to American Independence, *in words*. I know that the treaty of '83 has been called—a PEACE. (These diplomatic *misnomers* are not uncommon ;) it was more properly—a TRUCE. The snake was “ *scotched*, but not *killed*.”

Under the smouldering ashes was hid *fire*. Aggression succeeded aggression. *Imbecility* could not mistake the temper of England. In open violation of a solemn treaty, she retained the Western Posts !

Was our western frontier disturbed ?—It was the work of *England*. Was a frontier settler tomahawked and scalped ? England *cashed* the Indian *trophy* ! Was a St. Clair defeated ?—*Englishmen* mingled with the victors !

Did a Wayne inflict signal vengeance on the savages ? They fled, for protection, to a *British* fortress ! Were

American seamen impressed? It was the work of *England*. Was a whole nation blockaded by the mere *dash* of a minister's quill? The infringement of the Law of Nations was sanctioned by *England*. Did the Little Belt fire into an American Vessel of War? It was according to *orders*! Did the Leopard attack the Chesapeake, in our own waters?—The reparation was tardy, and reluctant. Did Erskine do us justice? He had “violated his instructions!”

But these, and a thousand other wrongs were nothing, if compared with her all-pervading, and all-contaminating *influence*.

To such an alarming degree, had this contamination reached the faction of the FEW, that whatever England did—was *right*; whatever America did—*wrong*!

Was an insult offered our Cabinet?—The faction of the FEW “*did not perceive it!*” Were the injuries of England resented?—“She had done us *no essential injury!*” Did we meditate *war*?—The FEW recoiled; England “*was the bulwark of American religion!*”

Did an American speak with enthusiasm of our free institutions?—They were “*mere white-birch-stakes!*” Of our inimitable Federal Constitution? It was—“*a rope of sand!*”—Of democracy?—it was “*a many headed monster.*”

Did an American speak of the Rights of Man? He incurred the *ridicule* of the FEW. Did the love of Peace carry us to the last verge of *endurance*?—“We could not be *kicked* into a war.” Was war declared?—The administration had *pre-determined* to involve the country in hostilities!

With such a mass of wrongs *without*—and treachery *within*,—it became necessary to pass—“THE RUBICON.”

There are cases, when domestic dissensions will compel any government to unsheath the sword, in order to give the *suicidal* edge of a treacherous weapon, a *foreign* direction. But, when the question, Gentlemen, is between right and wrong—dignity and debasement—resistance and submission—whig and tory,—I trust, however tremendous the calamities of war—an American Congress will never HESITATE.

If for no other cause, war was necessary to give us (what we *wanted*,)—a national character ; and it was declared.

Predicting at every step, the certain disgrace of the administration, the restless and aspiring FEW omitted nothing which might further the *fulfillment* of their prophecies.

———“ *Hinc spargere voces*”  
Ambiguas.”———

Yes, Gentlemen ;

———Dropping between *ambiguous* words  
To sound and taint—*integrity* !”

Not only was our cause *bad*—but we had degenerated, and *democracy* had despoiled us of seven-tenths of the virtues of our Fathers ! Indeed we were but the *shadows* of the men of other times ! A race of wretches, incapable of “ *measuring swords*—with the WELL-BORN !”

The most preposterous principles were advanced ; such for instance—as, that an American citizen might cancel his allegiance to his Country—in the forum of his *conscience* !—and that the *States* possess the right of deciding whether the constitutional exigences exist, which authorize the National government—to wield the National force ! ! !

A doctrine, which on the face of it bears the impress of *treason*, and goes to the radical destruction of the

Federal Constitution,—whether broached at *this* end, or *that* end of the Republic. What, therefore, I have said, on a former occasion, I repeat ; “ *God help us, if this proposition is to pass for constitutional law !*” In *that* event, Gentlemen, you need not go to the APOCALYPSE, for the picture of “ *Death on the pale horse—and Hell following !*” No ; (God avert the omen !) few, *will then* see the ORIGINAL !!!

Let us not on, where error may be *fatal*. Let our attachment to the Constitution, be, (in the words of Washington)—“ IMMOVABLE.”

Would we be safe, we must guard the CENTRAL POWER, with sleepless vigilance. In its relation to the *States*, it may justly be compared with the fabled “ *God of the winds ;*”

———“ *Celsa sedet Æolus arce,  
Sceptra tenens : mollit animos, et temperat iras.  
Nū faciat—maria ac terras coelumque profundum  
Quippe ferant rapidi secum—verantque per auras :*”

But in spite of the predictions of the *aristocracy*, the war undertaken by our Country, for the vindication of its rights—was honorably and successfully waged. When, I ask, did the FEW discover symptoms of our *declension* ? By *land* ? Let the Browns, the Scotts, the Gains’s, and the Ripleys answer. On the *Lakes* ? Let the Perrys and the McDonoughs speak.—Was it on the *Ocean* ? Let the Hulls and Decatur and Bainbridge’s—and the thousand sail of British vessels destroyed, or brought into our ports—*reply*.

But, the day, and the occasion, Gentlemen, remind us of *other* names inscribed on the tablets of our Country’s glory.

*England*, undiscouraged by successive disasters, with her characteristic steadiness, had resolved to retrieve her honor—by a last and determined effort. Her Cab-



met had inspected our MAP ; and the eye of a statesman could not but perceive—that all the Rivers which mingle their waters with the MISSISSIPPI, either precipitate themselves from the Eastern declivities of the Rocky Mountains, or from the Western declivities of the Alleghanies. It can hardly be denominated a flight of fancy, if I assert, that the power which can command the mouth of ' that River, is literally mistress of—a world.

Is there on the surface of this globe, a position equally commanding, whether our aim be aggression or dismemberment ? If there be, it has escaped my notice.

I do not exaggerate, Gentlemen, when I affirm—that it enables an enemy to command half the resources, and two thirds of the territory of this Empire ! The advantages to be derived from its possession could not escape the penetration of a *less* sagacious Cabinet, than that of *London*.

England saw them INTUITIVELY, and prepared to seize the "*vantage ground*." The very idea filled her political imagination. To divide the Republic, by the chain of the Alleghanies, was indeed,—an *Herculean* thought !

Gentlemen ; you have heard the muttering of the distant thunder, and seen the lightnings playing, in the horizon—(the unequivocal signals of the *coming storm*.) An army that had carried the victorious standard of *England*, from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, (perhaps the best appointed she had ever sent into the field,) was destined to the honor of shaking this *Republic*,—to its deepest foundations. The vigilant Monroe had obtained early intelligence of its equipment and designs.

It was the CRISIS of the late eventful contest.—The juncture was full of danger. Nor was it exclu-

sively *foreign*. A domestic faction had profusely scattered the seeds of disunion, and by its *machiavelian* intrigues, deprived the Country of the natural and instinctive courage of its Eastern section, while the same faction, (will posterity *believe* it ?) more than whispered the treasonable project—of a New-England confederacy, independent of the UNION ! Nor was the immediate seat of danger, less critically circumstanced. A few regiments of the line—our whole force in the Southern Department ! There was indeed a very gallant, but undisciplined militia in the *West* ; but it was to be floated a thousand miles on the waters of the MISSISSIPPI. Nor did difficulty end *here*. The population of New Orleans was *divided*.

It had recently been admitted to the participation of our privileges ; but possessed little devotion—and less national character ; while irresolution and dismay had already seized the legislature of *Louisiana*,—which, (“ tell it not in *Gath*, nor publish it in the streets of *Askalon* ! ”) was meditating on the terms of *submission* ! The country was indeed, alarmed ; but, do not mistake me, Gentlemen ; it was not the alarm of a *populace*, which ends in supplication, but a profound anxiety for our beloved Country, which always ends—in *courage*. For a moment, indeed, the bravest spirits *hesitated*. All, Gentlemen, but the intrepid soul of ANDREW JACKSON.

Cool and collected, in the midst of general consternation, he alone, interrogated his own undaunted spirit—and found it more than equal to the *emergency*. One Leonidas is more than enough to give a braver enemy than the *Persians*—a *Themopylæ* ; and stamping on the soil of liberty, the once ORPHAN BOY called so loud—TO ARMS !—that all the regions beyond the Alleganies recognized the well-known voice ;

A voice, the pledge of victory and safety,  
 Heard often by his countrymen ; with which,  
 The West—was most *familiar*.

The brave, by the *instinct* of patriotism, (a much surer guide to duty, than *federal logic*,) were instantly in motion. The expedition had sailed from *England*, and was now traversing the *Atlantic*; and the steady gales were bringing it rapidly towards the American coast. Dangers thickened, as the enemy approached; treason *within*, and a hostile army—*at our gates*! To prevent a treacherous intercourse between the disaffected, and the enemy, it became necessary to place the City of New Orleans, under "*martial law*"—a measure of fearful responsibility; and ANDREW JACKSON, with that unlimited devotion to Country, which has signalised his whole career, did not hesitate to assume it. For this, he has been arraigned by the FEW, at the bar of the MANY; and it has been gravely said by the *god fathers* of the Hartford Convention, and the Washington Benevolent Society, (those standing memorials of the patriotism of the *aristocracy*),—that the measure was—UNCONSTITUTIONAL, "*and that sort o' thing!*"

But these gentlemen seem to forget, or not to have known—that *the fundamental law* of a State always involves a tacit, but necessary principle, which is this, that such a *construction* of it is never to be taken, as would frustrate the end for which it is established—the *safety of the State*. To argue, that the *letter* of the Constitution is to *prevail*, though the State be *lost*, would seem the quintessence of *nonsense*! Gentlemen, I will not insult the understanding of my audience, by stooping to debate so ridiculous a proposition! The men who can *seriously* maintain it, must be fit

candidates for “depletion—a water-gruel diet—and a straight jacket !”

Besides, Gentlemen, I do not relish—“*mustard after dinner.*” This political indictment, preferred by the FEW, has been tried by the MANY, and a verdict returned for the defendant—and judgment is entered upon the *verdict*.

I will leave this question, then, for another of higher *pith*, and intenser *interest*—whether the Cabinet of London, or our country was to give law on the other side of the *Alleghanies* ? This great question was now hastening to a decision—*on wings*. The English expedition was now on our coast. The unprincipled were calculating *chances* ; the wavering waiting till *fortune* had declared ; while the faction of the FEW, (as usual,) were indulging in *prophecies*—predicting the conquest of Louisiana—the disgrace of their country, the triumph of England, and—the fall of the administration ! “*Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven !*”—still the political *axiom* of the FEW.

The gallant Mississippians and Kentuckians and Tennesseeans, guided by a noble *instinct*, (the love of country, and glory,) were floating on the current of the MISSISSIPPI.

Writers, on the subject of the emotions of the human mind,—have spoken of the SUBLIME of DANGER, when the blood rushes impetuously from the heart to the brain—paces back—then rallies again to the brain, *in quick succession*.

Those will seize the idea, who have been awaked, in a great city, by the cry of “FIRE !”—But the soldier will best realise it, who has heard the *midnight* cry of “*Turn out ! turn out ! an alarm ! an alarm !* The *pickets* are driven in ! The enemy *advances* !—The at-



tack's BEGUN ! The troops who had torn the laurels from the brows of the *French marshals*—were on the eve of landing. Will posterity *credit* it?—that only fifteen hundred men, at this time, constituted our vanguard ? Our *van-guard*, did I say, Gentlemen ; it was our whole army !

The time was amply perilous ; nor shall I be contradicted *here*, if I say, that ANDREW JACKSON was, perhaps, the only man in this Nation capable of facing it—with such a *seemingly* insignificant force !

#### AMERICANS ;

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
That, taken at the *flood*—leads on to glory ;  
Neglected, all the voyage of their lives  
Is bound, in shallows, and in miseries.”

In this very trying emergency, ANDREW JACKSON found just such a field, as suited the *intrinsic* greatness of his soul. He rises up, and reviews the *little band* ; and through their ranks—“ *darts his experienced eye.*” The Northern levies were now *near*, but had not arrived. Every measure which limited means, but consummate ability could devise to save the city—had been taken. The public anxiety was *intense*.—Thanks to the *Almighty* ! The *honor* of our country was in safe hands.

[*detached*] ——— “ The storm of missive steel  
Delug'd awhile, by wise command, fledg'd  
Arrows on the nerves—and scimetar and sabre  
Bore the sheath—*reluctant.*”

At length, “ the curtain is drawn—and the tragedy opens,” by landing a detachment of 3,000 of the enemy, nine miles below the city. If the warlike *Henry* in his eagerness to meet the *French*, in hostile play, complained,

——— “ Of the tardy-gated night,  
That like a foul and ugly witch—did *limp*  
So tediously away,”

*30th Nov 4*

ANDREW JACKSON was not less impatient to try the *mettle* of a new enemy. Intelligence of the landing of the British *van-guard*, reached the city by express, at noon. Not an instant was to be lost. Every moment *teemed* with danger. *What was to be done?* Time must be gained to wait the arrival of the militia levies, to organize them—and to strengthen the defences of the city. (It was the *sine-qua-non* of its safety.)

But, how *effect* it? There was but *one* way. The enemy must be *deceived*, with respect to our preparation—our equipment—and, our numbers. But, could a vigilant enemy be *mislead*? Yes. And *how*? By such a *daring* attack upon his advanced guard, as ANDREW JACKSON, and the *little band* were alone capable of executing:—in a word, by a profound impresssion of what the spirit of America is capable—in *arms*, to awe the enemy, to teach him circumspection—and by the apparent confidence of a *prompt* assault,—to create in him, a belief in *matured* preparation—and thus to retard all his future movements.

Here, Gentlemen, lay the only *clue* to final victory ; and the genius of *Jackson* seized it—with *intuitive* quickness. The enemy had landed his first detachment—without *artillery* !

“ *Quem deus perdum vult—prius demental.*”

*Celerity* is a distinguished trait in the character of a great captain.

“ *Vertitur interea cælum, et ruit oceano nox  
Involvens secum umbrâ magnâ, terranq : polumque,  
Marmid. numque dolos.*”

Early in the evening, the intrepid *Patterson* was ordered to drop down the current of the Mississippi, in the *Carolina*, and cast anchor apposite the enemy's encampment, and at seven o'clock, to sweep his position, with his artillery ; while JACKSON, supported by the

+ *perdere*

+ *Caroline*

fearless Coffee, at the head of 1500 men, (just half the number of the enemy,) advanced to give him *battle*.

The commodore took his station as ordered—proceeded leisurely to furl his sails, and prepared for the warm business of the night.

There was something *mysterious* in the appearance of this suspicious vessel, which soon drew the enemy's attention. At first they supposed her one of the British squadron which had passed Fort *St. Phillip*. They next hailed her ; but receiving no answer, fired successive vollies of musquetry into her, to induce her to *speak*. The appearance of this *mysterious* something, will recall to your recollection a passage of the British bard ;

“ Who, and what art thou—*execrable* shape !  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy *miscreated* front athwart my way ?”

At three quarters past six, “ *the dumb spake*” !!! (It was the first answer the British obtained from that *suspicious* sail.)

“ Give 'em this—for the HONOR of AMERICA !” At seven, the little band found itself on the skirt of the enemy's position. JACKSON led the attack on their centre.

Once more, we're in the tented field, —  
To men, such as I lead—a word suffices ;  
“ You are AMERICANS ; no further speech  
Is requisite, save, There's your ENEMY.”

The charge was such as might have been expected—*impetuous* ; victory had already declared for our country, and the total destruction of the enemy was only prevented by a dense and sudden *fog* from the river, which distracted our movements.

The *little band* slept on the field !—The salutary terror of that night, impressed by ANDREW JACKSON on the leading detachment of the enemy, saved the city.

The object which genius and valor had conceived, was gained. From the chivalrous spirit of *that* attack, the enemy inferred that our numbers and discipline were vastly superior to what they had *supposed*.

In this view of a great subject, you, Gentlemen, will agree with me—that I cannot be *mistaken*. So deep was the *impression* made by the first interview, that the greatest caution and circumspection, (I had almost said *timidity*,) distinguished all the subsequent movements of the *invader*.

AMERICANS; the results of that night were *incalculable*; every thing wanted—was attained, and “a BOND taken of FATE.” The memorable 8th of January, 1815—(a day that covered our country with *imperishable* honor,) was a necessary consequence. England *reeled* under the blows of the “*orphan-boy*.”

Gentlemen, there are junctures in the affairs of States—when *inflexibility* must bend. The memorable 8th dissolved the proudest *dream*, with which England had ever fed her luxuriant fancy—that of *dissecting* the American Republic, by the Alleghanies! But the victory of New-Orleans did not bear exclusively on our *foreign* relations. It was a signal triumph of the MANY over the intrigues of the FEW—of the democracy over the aristocracy of the country—of virtue over vice—of *loyalty* over political *seduction*.

The very rumor of it demolished the “Peace Society,” (more appropriately called—a society for the promotion of SUBMISSION;) while the bare mention of it sent the floating “*ribands*” of “the Washington Benevolent Society” to the winds. Confounded by the triumph of the MANY, the FEW consented to a *truce*. The *copper-head* uncoiled. JACKSON had drawn his *fangs*, but had not extracted his *poison*; and the reptile



crept to his den—to renew his teeth—to re-appear, with the vernal sun,—and *to bite*.

The men who think the controversy between the FEW and the MANY *at an end*, may very well have honest hearts. The *heart* is not the seat of their errors; the seat of their mistake is in *the attic loft*.

There is a *radical* difference between these orders of men. Let us not deceive ourselves. The aristocracy will never cordially approve our free institutions, unless they possess all their honors and emoluments. This is the *sine-qua-non* of their adhesion.

Their notion of right, is a right to *govern*; and this claim is no more than a legitimate corollary, from their doctrine of "*exclusive qualifications!*" There are *some* rights, however, which they are willing to concede to the MANY; such for instance, as the right of *bleeding* for their country—that of *dying* on the field of battle—and that of *defending* their princely palaces and estates!

To the FEW, nothing is so alarming as personal merit. Their virtues are all in *fee-tail*, and descend as *heir-looms*, with their inheritance! Here we may seize the *clue* to their measures, in the late Presidential *canvass*. They dreaded a dangerous *precedent!* and what could be more dangerous, than that an *orphan boy*, without protection—without patronage—and without the aid of the great, should by dint of *personal* merit, rise to the highest *pitch* of political eminence?

The most conspicuous trait in the *contour* of the aristocracy, is their affected *contempt* of the American People. That the people are incapable of *self-government*, however plausibly the FEW may disguise it, is, nevertheless—their *leading* doctrine. Is there a man

+ add s

in this assembly who doubts it? *Doubt* it, Gentlemen, he may as well doubt our *existence*.

But, as some may ask for a demonstration of a *self-evident* proposition, I will pursue the topic, a moment. I put the question then—how are we to resolve the 36 *ballotings* of the House of Representatives, in the case of *Jefferson* and *Burr*—into any thing else, than plenary proof of the truth of my position?

Did the Representatives of the People mistake the public sentiment, and suppose the PEOPLE intended to introduce Col. Burr into the *presidency*, and Thomas Jefferson into the *vice-presidency*?—No man ever had enough of *effrontery*, to pretend it! Why the *thirty-six* ballotings then? Gentlemen, there can be but *one* answer,—a party had been early organized under the auspices of the *first* Prince of the house of *Braintree*, the leading article of whose "*creed*" was—"that the people were their own worst enemies!" On no other hypothesis can human ingenuity explain the reason of the "*thirty-six* ballotings?"

Have the FEW abandoned the doctrine? Nothing like it. The fact to which I call your attention, is not a piece of *antiquity*; it happened but four years ago. You all remember it. By the unbought and unsolicited suffrages of the People, the name of ANDREW JACKSON was returned to the House of Representatives, with a *plurality* of the Electoral Votes. Will the FEW assert, that here was no *index* of the will of the American People? Why then, was the will of the People disregarded? The influence is *irresistible*. According to the FEW, (I draw my conclusions from their *actions*) the MANY have no will, or, if any, subject to an insulting revision—in the *Bureau* of the Aristocracy!

Gentlemen, it is time that this contempt of the will of the American People should *cease*—or be openly *avowed*. If our Representatives hold this anti-republican doctrine in *action*, let them hold it also, in *words*, directly—fearlessly—explicitly. The man who disregards the known will of his constituents is *not* their Representative. To say it is a *solecism* in language—a contradiction in *terms*!

He is their *mis-representative*. What are we then to say of a House, (I will not say of *Representatives*,) which, in open defiance of the People, actually, from two candidates returned to it, selected the one who brought the *least* evidence that he was the choice of the AMERICAN PEOPLE!!!

Will the faction of the FEW tell us, that the Constitution left the selection to the House of Representatives? Such an answer were a *subterfuge*. Every Constitution has its *letter*, and its *spirit*; nor is it less criminal to violate the *one*—than the *other*.

Do you ask me, my inference from these *Premises*? It is this—that the election of the now *Ex-President* was unconstitutional, and his acceptance of the Presidency a virtual usurpation.

If *Mr. Adams* could not resist this conclusion, and was driven to a sort of *apology*, is it a matter of *surprise*, that the impression on the minds of the *People* was deep—“*that something was rotten in Denmark?*”

I say nothing of a “great bargain,” in which certain “*great personages*” were said to have been concerned—nor of a supposed “*treaty*” for the maintenance of “*the line of safe precedents.*”

It is from an abhorrence of the *principle* on which *Mr. Adams* came into place, that I mingle my congratulations, Gentlemen, with yours, on this anniversary

of the *inauguration* of ANDREW JACKSON. I regard it as the commemoration of the triumph of principles—as sacred as *liberty*, and—as eternal as *justice*.

I know well, that the faction of the FEW have frequently reproached one of the purest spirits that this or any other country ever produced, for having said “that he could not support such an Administration, although its measures were,” (in effect,) *infinitely above exception*. The *language* of Col. Johnson might very well have been too *strong*; but the *sentiment* was American throughout. The FEW may affect to *stare* at the declaration!

They do but *affect*. Why, Gentlemen, there is not a principled republican in the Union, who does not hold the *same* doctrine. Because an *usurper* of our liberty is a *mild master*, are *we* therefore, to approve his *administration*, and thereby strengthen his *usurpation*?

“I’d sooner be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than *such* a Roman.”

AMERICANS are not to hold their rights, by a tenure like this. *We* must have other guaranties—than the mild temper of “*a pious prince*.” FELLOW CITIZENS, the anniversary we celebrate, opens a wide field for reflection. Neither a Chatham nor a Burke could do the occasion justice. It is not from any idle conviction of any ability of my own, that I have ventured to address you. I feel my incapacity, too sensibly. My sickle is not fit for such a field as *this*. If I have taxed your *good nature*, too severely, you will do me the justice to ascribe it, in part—to the *indiscreet* partiality of my friends.

Thus far, Gentlemen, I have sketched a concise view of the rise and progress of the great struggle between the restless and aspiring FEW—and the MANY;



with what *fidelity*, I leave it with my audience to determine.

The democracy of the country has, a *second* time, repressed the rising hopes of the aristocracy. But, let us not *deceive* ourselves. ("A Turk gives *one* scratch with his sabre—after he is *dead*!")

Vigilance only can secure what virtue has achieved. I remember a very good *maxim*; (you will find it in Count Suvaroff's "*discourse under the trigger*;"")—"Union is strength and a half." In a contest for *principles*, no "*amalgamation*," Gentlemen.

If the faction of the FEW will return to the doctrines of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION,—we will receive them; and here permit me to remark, that it would have given me a *heart-felt* pleasure, on this occasion, to have met with a greater number of our late political brethren, with whom, on *former* occasions, we have been in the habit of mingling sentiments,—and thus swelling the common current of mutual congratulation. And I flatter myself, I express no more than the feelings of my *audience*, when I affirm—that they would have been welcomed with a *cordiality* which would have convinced them—that, though "*estranged for a moment*," we were still held together, by the indissoluble bond of a common detestation of—*despotic principles*.

Gentlemen, I proceed. At a late commemoration of the "victory of New-Orleans," in a neighbouring village,—(it was, if I rightly remember—"at the meeting of the glorious 43;"") I had the honor to predict—"that the CHECK drawn by ANDREW JACKSON, upon the American People, on the ever memorable 8th of January, 1815—would be *duly honored*." In venturing that prediction, I counted on the *imposing* merits of our candidate, and upon the general intelligence

and spirit of our country, and here, suffer me to congratulate you, on the unexampled *energy* with which the People have fulfilled my PREDICTION.

I need not apprise such an audience as this—that the struggle involved in it a transcendent interest ; it was nothing less, than—whether the cabinet, or the People who *made* the cabinet, were to give us a President ?

*Americans*, in the elevation of ANDREW JACKSON (once an “ orphan boy,”) to the highest office in your gift, you have sanctioned a noble principle ; and it is *this*,—that in this Republic, there is no man, who to great virtues, unites splendid abilities, who may not attain the highest honors, by your *unpurchased* suffrages :—a prerogative, Gentlemen, truly *American*, and for the participation of which, there are thousands of brave spirits in *Europe*—who would “ pour out their blood—like WATER.” But our conquest has cost us *toil*. (What boon can we gain, *without* it ?) The array of the *Few* against the candidate of the *Many*, was as formidable as it was *unprincipled*.

Distrusting their strength, in this war between the *Cabinet* and the *People*, the FEW availed themselves of *stratagem*—and sprung their *mines* ! Masters of nearly all the presses in this section of the country, the friends of liberty could find no *avenue* to the public mind ; the FEW had sealed it—*hermetically*.

The Opposition—(so I call the partisans of the late administration ;) for who, but an arrogant aristocracy could have ever rallied enough of impudence, to call the *majority* of the People by that name ? The Opposition, (I say it emphatically,) adopted a very extraordinary policy to expel the People’s Candidate from the *lodgement* he had made in the confidence of his Country ! It was literally a war of *ambush*. We

felt the *hatchet*, but the *hand* was for the most part *unseen*.

The first blow of the FEW, (the Lord help our *chivalry*!) was aimed at a WOMAN!!! I read your *indignation* in your eyes! But, pardon me, it was not my intention

To stir the latent embers of your rage ;

(" The men who have done this—are *honorable* !")

Why, Gentlemen, you must at least knew this, (since they *themselves* have frequently proclaimed it,) that they—"for life"—for "*term of years*" or, "*in fee-tail*," do hold, by Federal tenure, all the "*virtue*," "*wealth*"—"talents"—and "*respectability*" and "*dignity*," of this our nation, and, (to cap the *climax*,) all the "*RELIGION*" too!

"*Bear with me*," Gentlemen ;

Stern even-handed justice must not *wrong*

An *enemy*. Besides, it may be argued,

With some small shew of *probability* ;

That their bewildered fancies did mistake

The People's Candidate—(taking the *Lady*

For the lady's *husband*!)

But I have neither leisure nor inclination, to pass in *review* the long catalogue of Federal reasons, why the man who *defended*, should not be called to *preside* over the free institutions of his Country? "It would tire the loquacity of a *Fabius*." I owe it however, to common politeness, to notice some of them.

FIRST, then, ANDREW JACKSON does not possess the requisite qualifications—has never been *abroad* ; (except in pursuit of the enemies of his country) nor has he ever "*danced attendance*," in the anti-chambers of Princes ; nor is he profoundly versed in—" *Ho tamias, tou tamiou* ;" nor in—" *Hic, hac, hoc* !"

(" Themistocles knew how to defend a *city*, but did not know how to *fiddle*." ) SECOND, ANDREW JACK-

SON possesses a deep tincture of "*cruelty*," and has treated those mild and benevolent, and *humane* tenants of our forests, (the Indians) very *unpolitely*, and in that particular, has violated all the rules of *good breeding*! It is ADMITTED, that the "*tomahawk and scalping-knife*" gentry are under no very great obligations to the General.

THIRD. ANDREW JACKSON executed Ambrister and Arbuthnot:—and, Gentlemen, the candidate of the FEW—the acquiescence of the British Cabinet—and the law of nations, conclusively *justified* their execution. If the enemies of ANDREW JACKSON, "hear not MOSES"—(Moses Q. Adams,) "neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the *dead*!"

FOURTH. ANDREW JACKSON threatened to drag an American Senator from his seat—in the very "Temple of Liberty," and to chastise him for words used—in *debate*!

I remember Gentlemen of hearing of a "*tin pedlar*" who sold a very curious and inquisitive "*old lady*," a book, purporting to be "*a dead man's speech*." (It was a blank-book.) On discovering it, the "*good lady*" complained "that there was nothing in it!" True, rejoined the "*tin vender*," he SAID nothing."

FIFTH. ANDREW JACKSON executed the "*six militia men*." The *burthen* of this very serious charge, (if I rightly comprehend it,) is this;—that such an act of *rigor* goes to the radical subversion of all military *discipline*, and is completely destructive of the virtue of *desertion*.

SIXTH. ANDREW JACKSON treated a Federal saint, (*St. Dominic*,") with irreligious rudeness, in his *own* church! The General's *intention* was upright; his view was to prevent the introduction of an *English Episcopalian* into the *Diocese*.



7th. ANDREW JACKSON is "*a military chieftain*"—dangerous to reward "*military chieftains!*" A very *sagacious* charge! The business of a soldier, in a *Republic*, according to the "*well-born*," is only—to *bleed*. To meet an enemy gallantly, creates "*ipso facto*," a disqualification for the honors and emoluments of the Civil Department! Those who are willing to *bleed*, on these terms—"let 'em."

EIGHTH. I fear, Gentlemen, I may trespass on your patience; but I must throw myself on your indulgence, and proceed to the *eighth specification*. ANDREW JACKSON has demolished that "*stupendous monument*" of the concentrated wisdom of the FEW—the W. B. Society! It is no more than *justice* to admit that "the 8th of January" was a serious day to the "*concern*," and that it wholly annihilated the "*riband trade*."

"But yesterday, the name of "*peter washington*,"\*  
The "*saint*" of that society, had stood  
Against—THE WORLD. Now lies he low,  
And none so poor to do him *reverence*!  
OH MASTERS!"

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\* NOTE. It is hardly necessary to inform the readers of history, that every nation has something inexplicably *mysterious* in its annals. The French have their "*Homme au masque de Fer*," ("the man with the *Iron Mask*,")—the English their "*Perkin Warbeck*," and the Americans, their "*peter washington!*" In America, "*peter*" was little less adroit than "*Perkin Warbeck*" in England. Both attempted to *personify* illustrious personages. Such was the *tact* of "*peter washington*" that, however incredible it may appear, he succeeded, for a considerable time, in *palming* himself upon a very "*discerning*" portion of the American People, as no less a personage than the celebrated GEORGE WASHINGTON—the immortal FATHER of his COUNTRY! He provided himself with a whole EDITION of GEORGE WASHINGTON'S "*Farewell Address*," and so *inimitably* did he manage, as to convince, even his "*shrewdest*" partisans, that if he was not the identical GEORGE WASHINGTON, he was not (to say the least of it,) his *inferior*! So perfectly was "*peter*" the master of the "*Robe*," he had resolved "*to play*," that, although he actually instituted an "*order of nobility*"

x "*Robe*"

NINTH. ANDREW JACKSON blew the Hartford Convention "*sky high*." Of this "Hartford Convention," Gentlemen, I shall say nothing. I do not wish to be the herald of my country's dishonor.

and distributed his "*ribands*," his retainers never for a moment entertained a doubt of his "*republicanism*!"

But his adventures were not more *mysterious* than his exit! He had just dispatched his *plenipotentiaries*, to reside "*near the Government of the United States*," when intelligence was received at his "*Court*," that ANDREW JACKSON had vanquished his "*allies*," in the memorable battle of the 8th of January. The news is said to have been immediately *fatal*; and his "*demise*" is still involved in the deepest obscurity; and which no historical industry has hitherto been able to dispel. The most *probable* account of his *exit* is as follows. Upon the examination of his body, his retainers discovered him to be "*defunct*;" and, as he was "*a rare character*," and the world was not likely "*to see his like again*," it seemed "*the better opinion*," that his body should be "*kept in state*."

On the evening of his decease, by some *unaccountable* fatality, (whether it was owing to a deficiency in *loyalty*, or to some other less *censurable* cause, historians have not been able to determine,) the body was left for the night, (but under "*lock and key*,") in an apartment of his Palace. On repairing thither, at an early hour in the morning, the door of the apartment was found "*locked*," as it had been left; but on opening and entering, the body was "*MISSING*!" Conjectures, as may readily be supposed, were busy in accounting for the absence of the "*corpse*," but nothing *satisfactory* was discovered until a "*courtier*" (putting his thumb and fore-finger to his *nose*) took occasion to remark, that he thought he smelt "*sulphur*!" Upon which, a very general "*smelling*" and "*snuffing*" ensued; when it became extremely probable, (by the corroborating evidence of *noses*,) that there had been "*foul play*!"

On a subject of such extreme "*delicacy*," as the *exit* of the "*tutelary saint*" of "the W. B. S." opinions are not to be sported lightly. It is however, pretty generally believed, upon the strength of historical conjecture, resting on the *well authenticated* fact of the remains of "*sulphur*" in "*peter's*" apartment—that the D—I availing himself of the absence of "*peter's*" disciples, "*feloniously took and carried away*" the body of the "*defunct*!" This much, however, is certain, that he could not have been carried "*through the side of the house*," as the ceiling was observed to be *entire*. Hence the belief has become nearly universal, that the D—I in bearing away the "*body*," must have carried it "*up chimney*."

But there is another charge, in the dark catalogue of the political "*misdemeanors*" of *Andrew Jackson*, which involves in it the accumulated *turpitude* of all the rest. The aristocracy had confidently predicted the *inevitable* disgrace of *America*, in her war with *England*.

The man who *foretells* mischief, very naturally wishes for its arrival; and the reason is obvious. The reputation of his prophetic *infallibility* is at stake.

Now it is nearly *superfluous* to remind the audience I address—that *Andrew Jackson*, taking counsel only (under God,) of his own great and intrepid soul, and poising himself on the *pivot* of his natural energy, on the ever-memorable 8th of January, 1815—confounded forever, both the "*prediction*," and the "*prophets*!"

"If the offence be rank, and smell to Heaven,  
And hath the primal, eldest curse of Heaven  
Upon it,"

The more scope, Gentlemen, for the exercise of the generous virtue of *forgiveness*. Do the enemies of "*the defender of his Country*" ask for *precedents* of the exercise of this virtue, in similar cases? History is full of them. We are told, that the *Lacedemonians* did not scruple to pardon *Leonidas* the "*misdemeanor*" of dying for his country at the straits of *Thermopylæ*.

Nor did the Athenians, (the inventors of the *ostracism*, and proverbial for their jealousy of their great men,) hesitate to forgive *Miltiades* the offence of leading the 10,000 to victory and glory; and the Romans (those haughty masters of the world,) were still more indulgent; and so far were they from *punishing* their Generals for beating the enemy—that, in the case of the unfortunate *Cato*, they came near thanking him for *getting beat*; and only *because he did not despair of the Commonwealth*! Nor are these instances of national *moderation* limited to the Greeks and Romans.

+ *Varo*

Similar instances of *indulgence* may be gleaned from modern history.

Why ~~Gentlemen~~, I have never heard, that in the very cradle of arbitrary principles in the domains of the *Merovingians*, the *Carlovingians*, and *Carpetians*, forgiveness was not extended to *Charles Martel*, who overthrew the ancient Saracens, as signally as Andrew Jackson did the modern. But why refer the FEW to foreign precedents? We have them at *home*. Did the American People punish Washington, for the "misdemeanor" of having made the person and army of the subsequent "*conqueror of India*," his prisoners, by the penalty of a perpetual disqualification to serve his country in the *Cabinet*?

I lay peculiar stress upon the last precedent—since the offence was of a very flagrant description—being committed against the person and dignity of a *lord*!

That *General Jackson* may have *erred*, (like the great men I have mentioned,) is not to be disputed.—Be it so; it only opens a more glorious field, in which the FEW may display the virtue to which I have adverted.

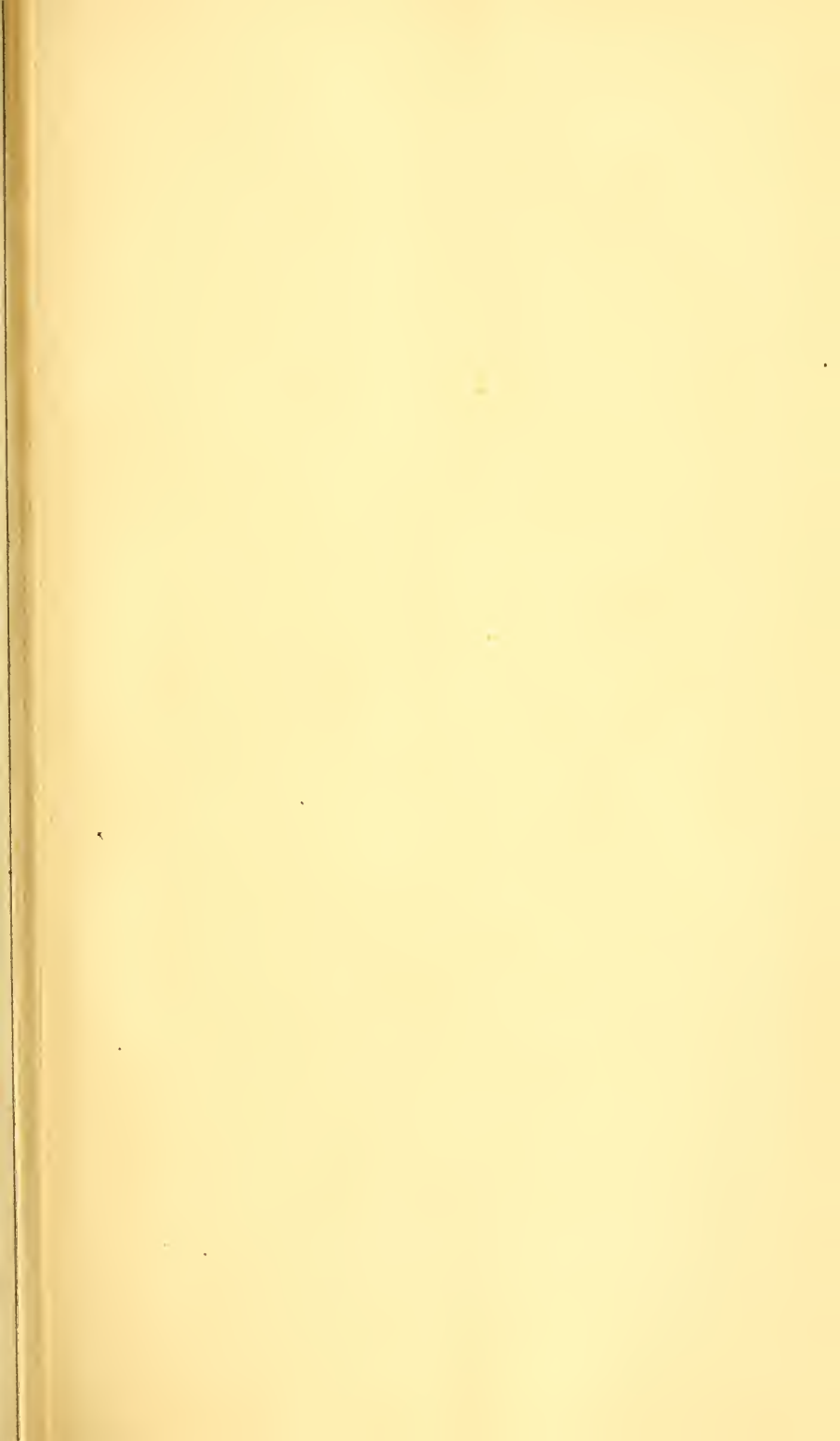
FELLOW CITIZENS; a word more and I will conclude. If, (I borrow the language of *Edmund Burke*,) "on the slightest affront" to a profligate "*Marie Antoniette*—a thousand swords would have leaped instinctively from their scabbards," can Americans possess so little of *honor*, of *virtue* and of *chivalry*, as to forget, amidst the festivities of the day, to drop *one* tributary tear to the memory of a *woman*, on whose character a higher *eulogium* cannot be passed—than, that for "*forty years*" she possessed the entire affection and confidence of *Andrew Jackson*.



May He, who "*weighs the Empires in a balance*," inspire the President with prudence—our Councils with wisdom—the People with vigilance—and grant stability and perpetuity to our free institutions ; and may our *watch-word* be "God, our Country, and our Constitution."

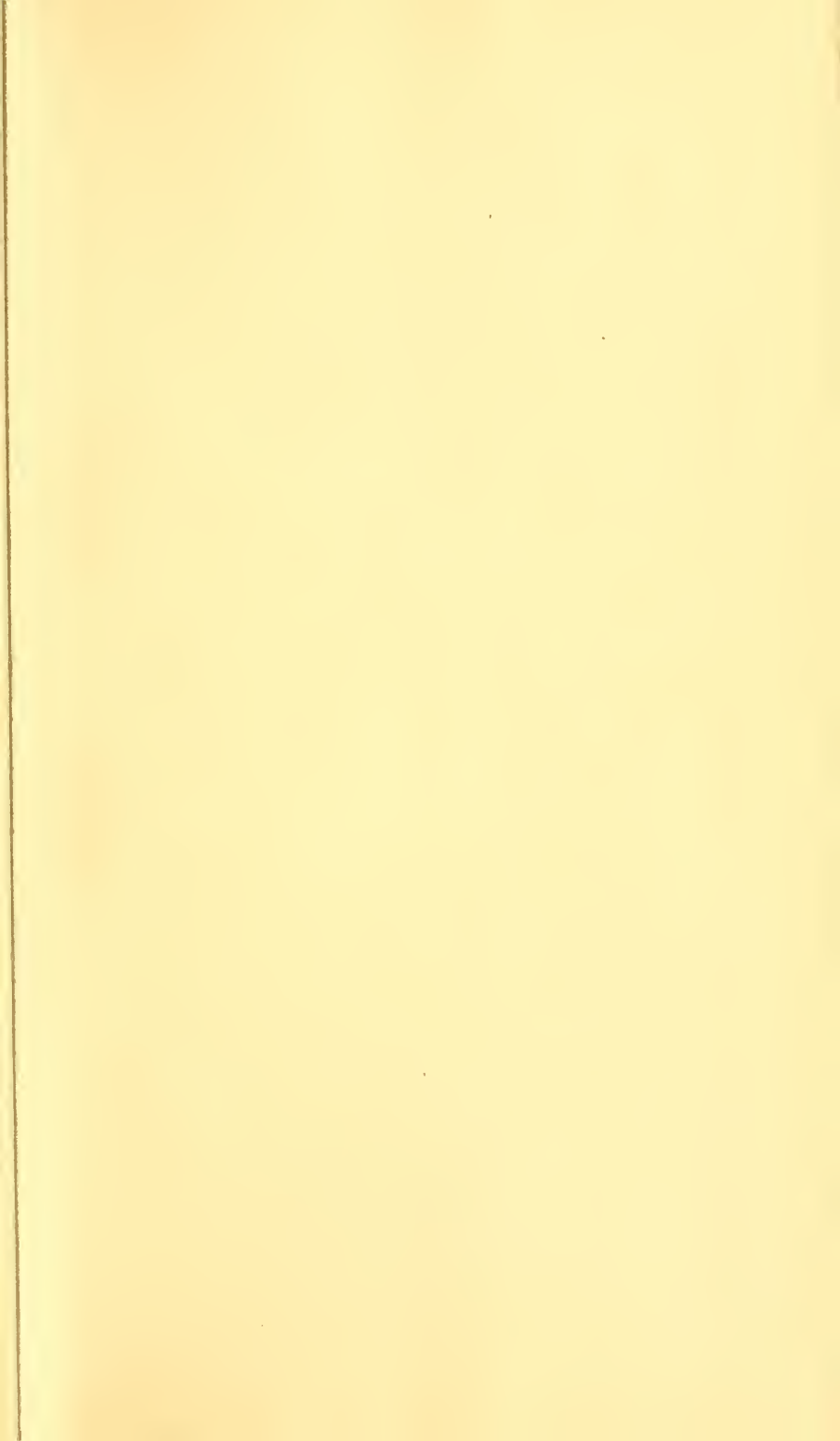
Gentlemen, I reiterate my congratulations, and thank you for your attention. I am not ignorant of the *cause* of it. I am sensible it has proceeded rather from your accustomed *politeness*, than from any *merit* in my very poor remarks.







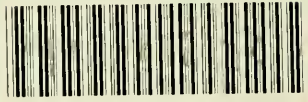








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